

Pray Mony or no Mony, Right or Wrong, *Irish* or no *Irish*, Bastard or no Bastard, Lawyer or no Lawyer, Bawdy or not Bawdy, Alive, or Dead, read from the first to the last Word in this present Case, Nicely and Attentively, before giving your Judgment in it, and Judge not only of the long time most painfully past, but is, and is like to be for ever, if nor help'd by your Honours Favour and Intercession. Every Man feels his own pain and troubles, and ought to know his own business best.

To the Honourable Knights, Citizens, and Burgeses in  
Parliament Assembled,

The Humble Petition of *Prince Butler*, if he's a fool, the Pope, and all the Kings, and Councils in their Council Chambers, and people in *Europe* are fools, except King *William*, and ill persuaded, ignorant, malicious, or not people.

The case and matter of fact of *Prince Butler*. An account of what blood he lost in less than 3. yearstime, by reason of unexpected beatings, kicks in the Legs, pushes, and thump in the Breast as he can remember, and not yet well cured, besides after being bruised, and sore above a year in the middle fore-side, and not yet out of pain and cures, which makes him little sore and lamish. God help him. He's obliged since *May 1700*. to wear an Iron Masquerade, which your Honours may see in a full House, to prevent any future hurt in that part of his Body. First 64. ounces of blood, 2. 50. ounces, 3. 100. ounces, Since *December* the 2d. 1698. to *July 28. 1700*. First 34. ounces, 2d. 46. ounces, 3d. 16. ounces, 4th. 104. ounces. *Dec. 28th. 1699. 5th. 36. ounces. March 14th. 1700. 6th. 50. ounces. March 19th. 1700. 7th. 72. ounces. 8. From July 20th. to 28th. 1700. 80. ounces. all of Apothecary's weight. Since the 2. Dec. 1698. to July 28. 1700. 438. ounces. In all 652. ounces of blood, besides what he may lose in cold weather by reason of his bruises and what may happen. It is better lose offensive blood than lose life. All the said blood besides offensive pinches, showers of greasy bones, and other nastinesses thrown at him, hard balls out of a Trunk-Cane blown at his head, many Slaps, Reflections, Vexatious, Scandalous Reports, Affronts and Aspersions, mony or no mony he endured very often unexpectedly in *London* to the great pleasure and content of him or them ill persuaded, malicious, bribed or not, as may by a word hinder it. Which you may judge is enough to weaken a *Sampson*, a Stone-Horse, or a Town-Bull, and much more your tame and innocent weak Petitioner, not yet out of pain and danger, dayly a trembling from the bottom of the Sky to the top of the Ground, for fear any part, or all the said misfortunes may happen to him again, besides many Calamities he endured out of *England* in 24 years persecution not yet ended, nor like ever to be ended, if not assisted by your Honours and the King. Wherefore he humbly prays your Honours ill persuaded, malicious, bribed, like his face, any or all of you in general or not, mony or no mony, right or wrong, whether he is, or was 12 years maintained by the Duke of *Ormond* or not, to desire his Majesty ill persuaded or not, willing to help him or not, like his face or not, attended or not, with any or many ill persuaded, ignorant, bribed, malicious, scornful or not, Nobles and others, by an Address, by his Secretary, or Members of his Privy Council in your House, to give him a general open Letter to his Ambassadors abroad, that the Ambassador where he Arrives, whether he is or will be ill persuaded, malicious, purse-proud, disdainful, like his face or not, may desire the King or Prince with his Secretary to hear himself read his grievances publicly or privately before them, and after a clear hearing to answer him as they please, and the said Ambassador may or not give him Bed, and Bread, until he gets his answer in or not in Writing from Court, and he prays your Honours to desire his Majesty to give, or not give him Traveling mony to *Vienna* the Emperors Court, and he will pray.*

The Petitioner prays to be heard at your Bar, and he prays your Honours besides his request in the said Title, to give or not give him a Certificate of all the Vallanies and Shams you may or shall hear reported of him to his Majesty or your selves, by orders of *Prince Pamphylion*, without saying any thing to the contrary.